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TURN IN A VARI-COIN VENT

ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

THIS IS NO 3-D MAGAZINE! THIS IS A 2-D...

PANIC



NO. 2
JUNE



2.50
3.49
CANADA



Feld

FROM ADVENTURE MOVIES DEPT. (ACADEMY AWARD DIVISION): THEY'VE GOT A NEW SUCCESS FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT THE ARCTIC, THEY DON'T CLUTTER UP SOME CALIFORNIA LOT WITH PLASTER ICE-BERGS. THEY GO DIRECTLY TO THE NORTH POLE AND FREEZE THEIR ASSISTANT DIRECTORS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT A LOST PATROL DRIVING OF THIRST IN THE DESERT, THEY DON'T SPREAD SEVENTEEN TONS OF SAND FROM MALIBU BEACH OVER THE SOUND STAGE. THEY PACK OFF TO THE SAHARA AND BAKE THEIR NAME. IT WORKS EVERY TIME. THIS AUTHENTIC REALISM STARTED A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK WHEN SOMEBODY FOUND AN OLD STANLEY STEAMER BOILER, BUILT A BOAT AROUND IT, SENT HUMPHREY JOBERT AND KATHERINE HEARTBURN TO THE DART CONTINENT AND MADE THE OSCAR WINNING...

African Scream!

1914, A TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING PACKET MOVES SWIFTLY UP A PLACID PICTURESCAPE RIVER, DEEP IN DARKEST AFRICA. AT THE HELM SITS ITS TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING SKIPPER, HUMPHREY JOBERT.





AW, GOOD AFTER-NOON, MR. YOSERT, SIT DOWN, HAVE SOME TEA AND CRUMPPETS!

DON'T WIND UP IF I DO, MAYN'T DA WHAT HAPPENED AROUND HERE, ANYHO?



THE BERBANS, MR. YOSERT! THEY CAME AND BURNED OUR VILLAGE AND TOOK OUR FINEST FABLE BARDENS AND SHANNED AWAY OUR WOMEN AND KILLED AWAY OUR MEN! ONE LUMP OR TWO?

ER... ONE? BURRRRRP! 'SCUSE ME, MA'AM, I MUST BE HUNGRY.



THEY BURNED THE CHURCH AND BAWN-SACKED THE HOUSE AND TOOK EVERYTHING OF VALUE! THEY TRIED TO ASSAULT ME, BUT ROBERT, OH, BROVE THEM AWAY. HAVE A CRUMPETT, MR. YOSERT!

THANKS, MA'AM! BURRRRRP! THAT WAS PRETTYBARE OF YOU, ROBERT! ROBERT? HEY, YOUR BROTHER'S AWFULLY QUIET!



UGHT TO BE! DEAD, YOSERT!

PUTTHER?



IT IS NAUT, MR. YOSERT! WAIR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMAN: I AM NEEDS BACK HOME. THERE ARE BAWNAGED TO ROLL. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVER... TO MOSAMMO.

YIP! LOOK, MA'AM! IT'S LAMMARD! HOT MOSAMMO! STOP PLENN! OTHER PICTURES, MA'AM!



AWFULLY ROBERT'S LOST MY HEAD! IT'S THIS BLANSTED HEAT, SHAM, WE GOON! I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVER TO LUMRADO.

LUMRADO? THUMP! THIS BROAD IS A FAIRY! BUT IF I DON'T MARRI TO TAKE HER, THERE AWN'T NO PUTTHER. SO.



ALL RIGHT, MA'AM! I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN THE RIVER TO SAMBARD. BUT FIRST, DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BURY POOR ROBERT?

EXCELLENT THANK! YOU DO THAT, MR. YOSERT, WHILE I WHASH AWAY THE DISHERS!



CRAZY BROAD! NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? A PRUDE LIKE ME! ON MY LUL! O' TURE BURRRRRP! WHAT A SITUATION!

THEY'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND... PUM-TUM-G... TUM...



ARE YOU CRAZY, MR. AM? LOOK AT THIS MAP! LAKE LEARNAGOODAMMO IS SIX HUNDRED MILES DOWN-STREAM THROUGH RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND PAST A GERMAN FORT. WE'D NEVER MAKE IT. ARE YOU CRAZY?

ARE YOU AFRAID, MR. YOSERT?

WHOP! WE? ME, AFRAID? HUMPHREY YOSERT... AFRAID OF RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND GERMAN FORTS?

YOU'RE DARN RIGHT! YOU'RE DARN RIGHT!

I HAVE KNOWN YOUR SON, MR. YOSERT. I WILL LET YOU HAVE YOUR SON IF YOU HELP ME SINK THAT GERMAN SUBBOAT?

THIS BRASS IS SOME PASTY BUT IF I DON'T AGREE YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER... THERE AIN'T NO PITCHES... NO...



HELL, MR. AM, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO SINK THE GERMAN SUBBOAT?

CAHL, WE KITS, MR. YOSERT? AND I WILL CAHL YOU HUMPHREY?

CHEER! WHAT SOME PEOPLE DON'T DO TO WIN AN ACADEMY AWARD? NOW WE'VE CALLIN' EACH OTHER BY OUR FIRST NAMES, THE BEST THING YOU KNOW, I'LL BE MAKIN' LOVE T' THIS STUFF!

HUMPHREY? DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? ARE WE NOT APPROACHING CERTAIN BOILING TREACHEROUS RAPIDS?



YOU AIN'T SEEN' THINGS, HAVE? HOLD ON TO YOUR BONNET, WE'RE IN FOR A TOSSEN' AROUND?

I HAVE A STRANGE SENSATION... HERE... A DIZZILING FLUTTER, A TINGLING GLOW, A PAINFUL THROBBING IN ANTICIPATION OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE...

NOTS? YOU'RE SEASICK, BABY?

I SAY! THIS IS JOLLY!







AND THEN...THE SWAMP...THE STINKING MOSQUITO
INFESTED SLOPPY DOING SWAMPS...



CRAZY DAME!
ALWAYS PLUGS IN
THE COMPETITION'S
PICTURES.



2

I SAY, MR. YOSERT!
WHAT ARE
THOSE LITTLE
ROUND THINGS
ALL OVER
YOUR

LITTLE ROUND
THINGS THERE?
I DON'T...
OOOOOONNN!



WHAT
ARE
THEY, MR.
YOSERT?

OOOOOONNN!
HOW
HORRIBLE!



WHAT
ARE
THEY?

O-O-O-O-OONNNNN!
E.E. FAY-ADDOY!
CLUB FANS!



ONE HUNDRED MILES LATER...

WONDER, GASP... CHOKE...
WHERE WE... GASP...
ARE?



WHY NOT ASK THAT
SWARVE LOOKING
CANNIBAL WITH THE
SHIELD AND SPEAR
WHO IS COMING THIS
WAY...

HEY, SLIT! CAN YOU TELL ME...
GASP... HOW FAR WE ARE
FROM... GASP... LAKE
KWITCHERBELLADON?



SEARCH ME, FIL... I'M A
STRANGER HERE MYSELF.
MY AGENT SAID THEY WERE
LOOKING FOR CANNIBALS?
ANY IDEA WHERE THEY'D SHOOT
IN MORNING?

TWO HUNDRED MILES LATER...

IT'S NO USE, RATE? I'M... GASP...
COME FOR... GASP... I'M THROUGH!
I CAN'T GO ONE STEP... GASP...
FURTHER! I'M... GASP... DYING!



COME INSIDE
AND HAVE SOME
TEA, BEFORE
YOU GO, HUMPHRY?

AND THEN...

RATE? IT'S RAINING!
IT'S RAINING! THE
OL' TUN IS FLOODING!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY
AGAIN.



YOU'RE ALL ALREADY AN ENEMY!
GA-GA-DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE!



THE MONSOON SWIFT DOWN UPON THEM, LASHING OUT IN ALL ITS FURY, CREATING SWIRLING EDDIES THAT POUNDED INTO LARGER STREAMS THAT SWIFT THEIR FRAGILE BOAT DOWNWARD INTO A STORM TOSSED BODY OF WATER.



CLASSIC LITERATURE DEPT. (SORTA LEAVES YOU AMBIGN' DIVISION): REMEMBER THIS ONE? THE STORY WITHOUT AN END? THE FAMOUS TALE THAT LEFT YOU SURISING? WELL, AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, AND SO YOU SHOULDN'T LIE AWAKE NIGHTS AND DEVELOP A WORRY ULCER, PAINC PRESENTS THE ANSWER...ITS OWN CAREFULLY-THOUGHT-OUT SOLUTION TO THE CLASSIC AND FRUSTRATING PROBLEM: WHO CAME OUT OF THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT...

The LADY or the TIGER?

BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS...AROUND 5000 B.C. (BEFORE MELVIN)...THERE LIVED A SEMI-BARBARIAN KING...[HE'D ONLY GONE HALF-WAY THROUGH JAWPER COLLEGE]...WHO HAD A UNIQUE METHOD OF DOING OUT POETIC JUSTICE. THE ACCUSED CRIMINAL WAS LED INTO A JAM-PACKED ARENA...[THE PEOPLE OF THIS KINGDOM WERE WELL-PRESERVED]...AND GIVEN HIS CHOICE OF OPENING ONE OF TWO DOORS...

HERE YARE' GET YER ROMAN CRACKERJACKS? A BROKE IN EACH JAR EVERY BOX?

PROGRAM? BET YOUR PROGRAM? YOU CAN'T TELL THE LADY FROM THE TIGER WITHOUT A PROGRAM?

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU FOOL, YOU! CHOOSE ONE! CHOOSE A DOOR AND OPEN IT! I COMMAND YOU!

EDDIE, MOONYE, MINE, MO? I WISH...I KNEW THE LADY'S DOOR!



WILL ELDER

IF THE ACCUSED SUBJECT OPENED THE ONE DOOR, THERE FOLLOVED OUT THE FIERCEST, Slobberingest, NOISHEST TIGER YOU EVAR SAW



OH, WELL! SEEMS THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER PHOTOGRAPHED WAS MY NOSE!

...WHICH IMMEDIATELY SPRANG UPON HIM AND TORE HIM TO JEST BITSY PRICES AS PUNISHMENT FOR HIS IDIOT!



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I ACCEPT A BIT PART!

...AND AFTERWARDS, THE VAST AUDIENCE WITH BOWED HEADS AND DOWNCAST HEARTS WOULD WEND THEIR WAY SLOWLY HOMEWARD, AGONYING GREATLY THE RATE OF THE ACCUSED



I SAY? GOOD SHOW, EH, MO? JOLLY GREAT FUN? PIP, PIP, PIP?

THE NEXT DAY, THE ARENA WAS JAMMED. THE KING AND THE PRINCESS SAT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE ROYAL BOX, A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN. MELVIN WAS LED INTO THE ARENA...



AS THE YOUTH ADVANCED INTO THE ARENA, HE TURNED, AS WAS THE CUSTOM, TO BOW TO THE KING. BUT HE WASN'T LOOKING AT HIM. OH, NO! HIS EYES WERE FIXED UPON THE PRINCESS...



SUBTLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, THE PRINCESS CONVEYED TO HER BELOVED MELVIN HER SECRET MESSAGE...



MELVIN TURNED, AND WITH A FIRM STEP, STARTED TOWARD THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT...



...THE BEAUTIFUL LADY?? SPENDOLYN! THAT JEALOUS BROAD!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, MELVIN! LEAVE US NOT BE HASTY! LEAVE US THINK THIS OVER A MOMENT!



YOU GET THE PICTURE, READERS? YOU DID MELVIN'S PROBLEM? HERE'S THIS HOT-BLOODED, SEMI-BARBARIAN PRINCESS TELLIN' MELVIN WHAT DOOR TO OPEN, 'CAUSE SHE KNOWS WHAT'S BEHIND IT, THE LADY OR THE TIGER.

IF IT'S THE LADY, I HAVE TO MARRY HER. AN' BRENNY WOULDN'T WANT THAT? SHE'S THE POSSESSIVE TYPE!



HERE'S THIS HOT-BLOODED CHICK TORN BETWEEN THE FIRES OF JEALOUSY AND DESPAIR.

AND IF IT'S THE TIGER, I GET TORN TO PIECES. AN' BRENNY WOULDN'T WANT THAT. SHE'S GOT A WEAK STOMACH.



HOW OFTEN HAS THIS SEMI-BARBARIAN BARE, IN HER WAKING HOURS AND IN HER DREAMS, STARTED IN WILD HORROR, AND COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS AS SHE THOUGHT OF MELVIN OPENING THE ONE DOOR AND BEING EAT UP ALIVE? HOW OFTEN?



AND HOW MUCH OFFENSE HAS SHE BEEN HIM OPEN THE OTHER DOOR, AND SMASHED HER TEETH AND FORTH HER HAIR, WATCHING THAT SOMEONE LADY MARCH OUT AND INTO HIS CLOSER, WAITING AROUND HOW? HOW MUCH OFFENSE?



WOULDN'T SHE FIGURE IT'D BE BETTER FOR ME TO DIE AT ONCE AND GO WAIT FOR HER IN OUR BLESSED, SEMI-BARBARIAN, AFTER-LIFE, HEAVEN-PLACE?



TAKE IT EASY! THIS IS A PROBLEM!

FIFTEEN YARDS PENALTY FOR DELAYING THE GAME!



MELVIN HAD TO MAKE UP HIS MIND? SHOULD HE TRUST HER? OR SHOULDN'T HE? HE SHRUGGED, CROSSED THE ARMS, AND PLUNGED OPEN THE RIGHT DOOR... THE DOOR THE PRINCESS HAD TOLD HIM TO OPEN.



AND IT'S RIGHT HERE THAT THE STORY ENDS. THE AUTHOR, CLEVER LITTLE PENS THAT HE DROPPS THE PROBLEM RIGHT IN YOUR LAP. SO WHO CAME OUT? THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

PANIC PRESENTS THE SOLUTION...



ANYTHING BUT THAT! I'D RATHER DIE! THE OTHER DOOR! OF COURSE!



COME OUT, TIGER! COME OUT AND KILL ME!



ONE SIDE! HANDS UP! LET'S GO! ALL RIGHT! PLAY BALL! WAIT A MINUTE!



HATTER UP! LET'S GO! WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A TIGER BEHIND THAT DOOR!



GO? SO WHERE'S THE TIGER?



I'M A TIGER! HUNT! POW!



I'M A DETROIT TIGER! GET THAT RUN OFF THE FIELD!







SUDDENLY, THE ARENA ECHOED WITH THE SOUND OF A HORRIBLE ROAR. MELVIN PALED. THE TIGER PADDED OUT OF THE DOOR...

O-O-COME, BITTY! O-O-COME TO PAPPY! E-E-REP ME TO SH-SH-SHREDS!



EVERYBODY LEANED FORWARD EAGERLY. THE PRINCESS PANTED. THE TIGER KEPT COMING...

T-T-T-TEAR ME TO P-PIECES! EAT ME ALIVE!



WHAT? EAT YOU ALIVE? WHO WANTS TO EAT YOU ALIVE?



OF COURSE I TALK! SOMEBODY TOLD ME I COULD GET A JOB AROUND HERE!



YEAH! TELL ME! IS THIS WHERE THEY'RE SHOOTIN' MORAMBO?



EARLY MORNING RADIO PROGRAMS DEPT. (HUSBAND AND WIFE IN THE KITCHEN DIVISION): HAVE YOU CAUGHT ONE OF THESE YET? HAVE YOU LISTENED TO THE TINKLING OF DISHERS, THE SURLING OF COFFER, THE BELLING FROM YOUR LOOSEPEAKERS? HAVE YOU HEARD THE LOVER-DOVELY CONVERSATIONS, THE HOME-SHUN PHILOSOPHY, THE FAMILY-TO-FAMILY ADVICE, WHILE YOU'RE TRYING TO CHOKE DOWN YOUR MORNING MEAL? YOU CAN SUBJECT YOURSELF TO THIS UTTERLY NAUSEATING EXPERIENCE ANY DAY IN THE WEEK. JUST SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE ABOUT 8 A.M., FLIP ON YOUR KITCHEN RADIO, AND HAVE A REVOLTING

BREAKFAST WITH THE FERSHLUGGINERS



OH, THIS? LIKE IT? IT'S AN **ERMINE** CAPE I PICKED UP AT **ANTONNE'S FUR SALON**. **ANTONNE'S** FUR SALON IS LOCATED AT 204 FOURTH AVENUE, JUST ABOVE THE **ROSEBUD** MARKET. YOU'VE HEARD OF **ANTONNE'S**, HAVEN'T YOU, LAMB?



OF COURSE! HEH, HEH! WHO HASN'T HEARD OF **ANTONNE'S**?

ISN'T IT **BREATHE-TAKING**, NICKE? **ERMINE** CAPES ARE THE **LATEST FASHION**. YOU KNOW? **MINI-STOLES** ARE **SIMPLY SENSATIONAL** THIS SEASON. **NO ONE** IS WEARING THEM. **JUST NO ONE.**



POOR LIL' KNOCKED SHUTTED MINDS.

GIRLS! YOU **SIMPLY MUST** WEAR **ERMINE** THIS SEASON. IF YOU WANT TO BE IN **STYLE**, YOU HURRY ON OUT AND **PICK UP** A CAPE LIKE MINE AT **ANTONNE'S**. HE'S SO **WONDERFULLY REASONABLE**. THIS CAPE COSTS **JUST FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS**.

DONNY THE BEST IN **SMALL WEEKLY TRANS-FUSIONS!**



WELL! I **DON'T** SAY 'GOOD-MORNING' TO OUR **ENGINEER** THIS MORNING! **GOOD-MORNING**! ER, AM, **OH, NICE!** TALKING ABOUT **ENGINEERING**? I WAS...



SO **WHO** WAS TALKING ABOUT **ENGINEERING**? FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, **FENELORP**. SAY 'GOOD-MORNING' TO OUR **ENGINEER**!

OH, YES. **GOOD-MORNING!** ANYWAY, I WAS WALKING DOWN **FIFTH AVE.** YESTERDAY WHEN WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT A **GORGEOUS, SIMPLY GORGEOUS, LAVENDER AND ORANGE PHNUIT!**

A **PHNUIT**? A **PHNUIT**? WHAT IS **BLAZER** IS A **PHNUIT**?



OH, NICE. STOP **JOKING**! THE **PHNUIT** IS THAT **DREAMY FOREIGN CAR** THAT **EVERYBODY** WHO IS **ANYBODY** IS **DRIVING**. IT'S THE **LATEST FASHION**. YOU'RE **JUST NOT IN STYLE** IF YOU'RE NOT **DRIVING A PHNUIT**. **CADILLACS** ARE SO **OUTMODE** THESE DAYS. **DON'T YOU THINK SO, DEAR?**

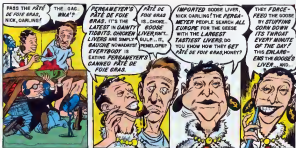


OH, **DEFINITELY PASSE!** SAY, ISN'T THE **PHNUIT** THAT **ARMENIAN SPORT CAR** WITH THE **MOTOR ON THE RUNNING BOARD**?

RIGHT, DEAR AND IT COMES IN SUCH **EXQUISITE COLORS**. **TWO TONES**. **STYLED**. **POLKA DOTS**. AND SO **REASONABLE**. **ONLY SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS**. **P.O. B. PHENNA**, CALLED ON **INGHAM** **UPHOLSTERY EXTRA**, YOU CAN **ORDER YOUR PHNUIT** AT 'GOOD MORNING, 1954 BROADWAY, SO HURRY RIGHT DOWN!

DON'T EVEN FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST.









WHILE MICK IS GETTING ANOTHER BILE OF COFFEE FROM THE STOVE, I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE LATEST IN OUTDOOR LIVING!

WELL??



YESTERDAY THEY COMPLETED OUR SWIMMING POOL! AND... GIRLS... YOU MUST HAVE YOUR HUSBAND INSTALL A SWIMMING POOL YOU JUST MUST!

IF THEY DON'T GET RID OF THAT MOTHER MURPHEY ACCOUNT, I'M QUITTING!



HONESTLY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! NO SUBURBAN HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A SWIMMING POOL!

FIRST, MOTHER MURPHEY'S DEGENERATED POACHED EGGS ON TOAST. GAG.

DISG! UGLY!



BACK IN ROS WITHOUT SWIMMING POOLS ARE SIMPLY SAUSAGE THESE DAYS!

THEN, MOTHER MURPHEY'S CANNED SALOMI AND EGGS WITH RELISH... CHORE.

OUR POOL ONLY COST US TWO MINERS AND SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. OF COURSE, THAT INCLUDED THE DIVING BOARDS...

THEN, MOTHER MURPHEY'S QUICK-FROZEN HOMINY CORN AND CORN POKE.

BUT THEN, A SWIMMING POOL IS SIMPLY SAUSAGE WITHOUT A DIVING BOARD!



ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!

WHO'S THAT BARKING, GRANT IS THAT OUR FRENCH POODLE, LUCY? FIERCE? BARKERS ARE SO SAUSAGE...



I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

MICK! IT'S OUR SHARLING CRIMMER! TELL HIM THAT RAISING HIS VOICE IS SO SAUSAGE!

YOU TELL HIM! I'M LEAVING!



THE BROADWAY STATE DEPT. (DEPRESSING DRAMAS DIVISION): FAWN MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS COMPOSITE IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S THRILLING LEGITIMATE THEATER-BOERS THESE DAYS. EITHER IT'S A GAY HAPPY SONGS FEST WITH NO PLOT BY HAMMERS AND RODGERSTON. OR IT'S *FAKE* KIND-OF MISERY, SO GET READY TO MAKE OUT YOUR WILL, TELL THE TAXI DRIVER TO WAIT SO THAT AFTER THE PLAY HE CAN DRIVE YOU TO THE NEAREST BRIDGE, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WANT TO GO ON LIVING. TAKE YOUR FOURTH ROW CENTER ORCH-EXTRA SEAT, AND STEEL YOURSELF FOR...

COME BACK LITTLE STREET CAR!

A DISMAL PLAY IN THREE MOROSE ACTS BY TENNESSEYRONGE MILLER.

ACT 2: THE ENTIRE ACTION OF THIS PLAY TAKES PLACE ON THE FIRST TWO FLOORS OF A DREARY TENEMENT ON LOWER BRUSH STREET IN BROOKLYN. OUTSIDE IN THE BUTTER, WE CAN SEE RUSTING, PARTIALLY RAINED-OVER TROLLEY CAR TRACKS. THE RAINED-OVER BUSINESS HAS SOME OBSCURE SIGNIFICANCE WHICH DOES COMPLETELY OVER EVERYBODY'S HEAD. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE SEE THAT IT IS MORNING. A GARBAGE MAN CROSSES THE STAGE, STOPPING AT EACH DOOR TO DELIVER GARBAGE. LOLA EDWARDS COMES OUT ONTO THE LITTER-STREWN STOOP, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER STOMACH, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER HEAD, AND YAWNS. THIS IS ONE DISGUSTING-LOOKING GUY! SHE LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE STREET SADLY AND THEN...



LOLA'S HUSBAND, BOG STANLEY, AN ALCOHOLIC VETERANARIAN, STAGGERS OUT OF THE TENEMENT AFTER LOLA. HE CARRIES A BOTTLE IN ONE HAND, A SALAMI IN THE OTHER. HIS UNDERSHIRT IS RIPPED TO SHREDS...



WELL, STOP HOPIN' THAT STREET-CAR AN'T RUN SINCE YOUR SCATTER-BRAIN SISTER, BLANCHIE, AND HER SALESMAN HUSBAND, WILLIE, MOVED IN UPSTAIRS. IT ANNOYANT 'EM HERE AN' NEVER CAME BACK FOR 'EM

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DADDY? I'LL MAKE YOU SOME NICE BREAKFAST! NO INSIDE! I'LL BE RIGHT IN!



*THIS IS ONLY AN IMPRESSION OF WHAT BOG STANLEY IS SAYING. ACTUALLY, NO ONE IN THE AUDIENCE CAN UNDERSTAND A WORD HE MUMBLES...

DOC STANLEY STAGGERS INSIDE AND LOLA TURNER AND LOOKS UP THE STREET INSTANTLY. NOW WE SET THE PICTURE. THE DAY THE STREETCAR STOPPED RUNNING WAS THE DAY LOLA'S HAPPY MARRIAGE CAME TO AN END...



DOC HAS KNOCKED LOLA UNCONSCIOUS WITH THE SALAMI AND DRAGGED HER INTO THE TENEMENT. THEN, A CLEVER PIECE OF SET DESIGNING... THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE TENEMENT CRASHES DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE...



AND WE CAN SEE THE INTERIOR OF THE KOWALSKI FLAT, LOLA PUTTING BEFORE A STOVE HUMMING SOFTLY. DOC STANLEY STUFFS SALAMI AND EGGS INTO HIS MOUTH FISHLY...



I DREAMT I HEARD THE BELL, MAAM... COMING DOWN BARN STREET DING-DONG! DING-DONG!



THEN SHE CAME BY! RED... WITH A YELLOW ROOF! MY STREETCAR!



AND THEN SHE STOPPED... RIGHT OUT IN FRONT... AND I GOT IT...



AND SHE WENT DING-DONG... OH, CLEAR IT YOURSELF!



DOC STANLEY PICKS UP THE TABLE WITH ALL THE DISHES AND SILVERWARE AND BOOPING SALAMI AND EGGS AND FLINGS IT INTO THE AUDIENCE...



THERE! NOW I CLEARED THE TABLE!



AS ENTERPRISING YOUNG HOPEFUL SCURRY THROUGH THE AUDIENCE SELLING KLEENEX, DOC STANLEY TURNS TO LOLA, SNEERING...

SO I'VE BEEN DRINKING AHAHNT DO WHAT? LOOK AT YOU! JUST LOOK AT YOU! WHAT A SLOB!

YOU USED TO THINK I WAS PRETTY, DA-A-A-A-A-BOY! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE STREETCAR STOPPED RUNNING!



YOU MEAN THAT WAS BEFORE YOUR SISTER MOVED IN UP- STAIRS AND STARTED POOLIN' AROUND WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WHILE POOR WILLIE WAS OUT ON THE ROAD, BREAKIN' HIS BACK WITH THOSE HEAVY SAMPLE CASES.

WELL, JUST BECAUSE BLANCHIE POOLED AROUND WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WAS NO REASON FOR YOU LETTIN' HER POOL AROUND WITH YOU!

WHY NOT? I'M ONE OF THE BOYS!



NOW WE SEE! THAT'S WHY LOLA THE SLOB CRIES FOR THE STREET-CAR TO COME BACK. SHE WANTS IT SHOULD TAKE BLANCHIE AWAY SO DOC STANLEY WILL BE NICE TO HER ONCE MORE INSTEAD OF BLAMIN' HER AROUND LIKE HE'S DOIN' NOW.

GET OUT OF MY EIGHT, YOU DUMB SLOB.

DOH-DOH! I WENT HOT IN HAND, JEN! IT'S ONLY A FLIRT!



LOLA RUSHES UPSTAIRS TO HER SISTERS FLAT. WILLIE IS THERE SITTING ON HIS SAMPLE CASES, LOOKING UP AT A TALL DARK MAN...

HE HIT ME AGAIN, BLANCHIE! HE...

SHHH! WILLIE'S GOT COMPANY! LOLA! SHHH!

WHAT'S THE SECRET, BEN?



HOW'D YEH DO IT? TELL ME THE SECRET, BEN. HOW'D YEH DO IT?

I WENT INTO THE JUNGLE WITH MY BARE HANDS, WILLIE... WITH MY BARE HANDS... AND WHEN I CAME OUT... I WAS RIGHT!



WHO'S HE, BLANCHIE?

THAT'S WILLIE'S MILLIONAIRE BROTHER BEN. HE'S A PICKPOCKET!

HEY, LOLA! COMON DOWN! LOLA!



WELL, DOC STANLEY IS CALLIN' ME, BLANCHIE! YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS WHEN HE CALLS ME LIKE THAT!

DON'T DO, LOLA! DON'T DO IT FASTER HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS, HE BEAT YOU UP AGAIN! DON'T DO!



I CAN'T HELP IT, BLANCHIE! I'VE GOT TO GO! I'M A SLOB!



FROM SOMEWHERE WE HEAR THE DRUM-MET THEME... DUM-DA-DA-DUM... AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.

DURING INTERMISSION, THE CAST COMES OUT AND FILLS THE COFFEE CUPS DOC STANLEY THREW INTO THE AUDIENCE... WITH SHEL...

I HOPE YOU LIKE THE PLAY SO FAR...

THE NEXT ACT IS BETTER!

DRINK UP! YOU'LL NEED!



ACT 2: IT IS LATER THAT DAY. DOC STANLEY HAD STAGGERED ON TO HIS OFFICE TO SIGN A FEW STRAY CATS, AND LOLA LIES ON THE COUCH TRYING TO LOOK BETTER FOR HIS RETURN. SUDDENLY SHE IMAGINES SHE HEARS THE STREETCAR BELL....

DING! DING! DING! GLANG!



THE STREETCAR BELL COMING CLOSER... GIVING A SEXY RHYTHM.

DING! DING! DING! GLANG!



LOLA GETS UP FROM THE COUCH AND BEGINS TO DO A SEXY DANCE.

DING, DING, DING! GLANG!

ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!



ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!



ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!



HOOF! HAP! HAP!



STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING!



LOLA STOPS DANCING, EMBARRASSED, AS SHE SEES WILLIE, HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY WITH HIS SAMPLE CANS, LEERING AT HER...

I GOT AS FAR AS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, AND THEN I LOST MY NERVE, SO I CAME BACK. BUT DON'T STOP DANCING, I LIKE IT!

BETTER LEAVE, WILLIE! DOC'S OUT BACK IN A FEW MINUTES... AND YOU KNOW HOW JEALOUS HE IS!



WILLIE ADVANCES TOWARD HER.

I JUST WANT TO TRY OUT MY NEW PRODUCT, LOLA! TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT! LOOK! TWO-TONE TOOTH PASTE... RED AND GREEN... FOR PEOPLE TO GIVE NEXT CHRISTMAS... TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE BLEEDING GUMS AND USE CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH PASTE...

IT'S VERY NICE, WILLIE. YOU OUGHT TO STAY 'EM IN BOSTON WITH THAT ITEM, NOW, WHY DON'T YOU...



WILLIE IS BRUSHING LOLA'S TEETH WHEN DOC COMES IN DEAD DRUNK...



DOC STANLEY PULLS OUT A SWITCH KNIFE...



WILLIE GRABS HIS SAMPLE CASES AND RUNS LIKE CRAZY. DOC STANLEY COMES AT LOLA SILENTLY...



HE BRANDISHES THE SWITCH-KNIFE...



FAR OFF, WE HEAR A DISTANT CLANGING BELL. DOC STOPS, WITH THE KNIFE RIGHT AGAINST LOLA'S NECK...



DOC TURNS BACK TO LOLA...



SUDDENLY TWO MEN IN UNIFORM BURST THROUGH THE DOOR. DOC SCREAMS. THEY GRAB HIM...



THEY GRAB DOC OUT IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET...



AS THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF, LOLA STANDS ON THE PORCH SCREAMING...



DURING THE INTERMISSION, MEMBERS OF THE CAST PASS OUT SWITCH KNIVES TO THE AUDIENCE.



ACT III: IT IS TWO WEEKS LATER. DOC STANLEY HAS BEEN DISCHARGED FROM BELLEVUE'S ALCOHOLIC WARD. HE'S A CHANGED MAN. HE'S OWNED HIS SWITCH KNIFE, AND WITH THE MONEY HE'S RAISED A NEW UNDERST. IT IS MORNING...



LOLA SPILLS SALAMI AND EGGS IN DOC'S LAP AS SHE LOOKS UP DREAMY-EYED...



SHE POURS COFFEE ON HIS HAIR AS SHE GOES ON...



...SPOONS OUT SUGAR ON DOC'S SHOPPING HEAD...



...THEN POURS THE CREAM...



AT THIS POINT, A CLEVER PIECE OF STAGE DESIGNING
ALLOWS THE STREETCAR TO CLAMP UP THE LEFT
SIDE OF THE THEATER...



BLANCHE COMES DOWN GRABBING WILLIE AND HIS
SAMPLE CASES...



DOC FLINGS THE BOTTLE AT THE STREETCAR AS IT
SMASHES THROUGH THEIR LIVING ROOM WALL...



I'VE BEEN DOWN T' NO
DOWNTOWN, DADDY! THEY
GOT A NEW PICTURE AT
THE BRADDO... NAME OF
HOGANBO!

SOME, LADY! FREE
AIN'T NO DOWNTOWN
STREETCAR...

THIS IS AN
OPTOWN
STREETCAR!

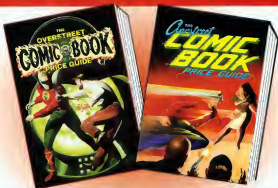
LET'S GO,
SAM...

DING-DING!
DING-DING...

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THIS DREARY NOTE. DOC IS LICKING
UP THE SPILLED WHISKEY, GETTING DRUNK AGAIN. WILLIE
IS OFF ON A NEW ROAD TRIP, SELLING SAMPLE CASES.
BLANCHE IS FOOLING AROUND WITH ONE OF THE GUYS ON
THE THIRD FLOOR, AND LOLA HAS RUN OFF WITH THE
STREETCAR MOTORMAN.

—THE END—

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